OUR GREATEST IMPOSTOR.

MAN WHO ENGINEERED THE PERALTA CLAIM LIVING IN SQUALOR.

Now Looking After a Bunch of Horses-His Rise From a Tin Pedler to Affluence Through Fraud-Seemed to Have a Clear Title to Nearly 10,000 Square Miles of Land-No Parallel to the Peralta Case.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 24 .- A tall, thin, gray-haired, haggard man who lives in a nely, squalid cabin home on the outskirts of Albuquerque, N. M., where he earns a pittance by looking after a bunch of horses along the Rio Grande, has been the boldest, most emarkable impostor the Southwest, and very likely the United States, has ever known, Senator Teller of Colorado said recently that this poor, broken, prematurely old man has been the most extraordinary forger of modern times, and Robert G. Ingersoll wrote a few years ago that this same man was the most remarkable legal fabricator he had ever heard of. He is James Addison Reavis, or, as the people in this region used to know him, Prince Reavis. Through eighteen years of persistent scheming, ceaseless activity and never-flagging perseverance, he built up a fraudulent title to over 18,400,000 acres of the most valuable strips of Arizona and New Mexico. A dozen of the leading lawyers of America believed his claims to be unassailable, and for a time it seemed as if he would soon be vested with the rights to the property he claimed. The average career in forgery is limited to the atterance of a dozen or possibly a score of shecks, drafts or negotiable notes. But here was a man who forged long deeds in Spanish, inserted fabricated documents in andent and guarded public records, invented royal Spanish cedulas, manufactured wills century and more old, fabricated detailed probate proceedings during the eighteenth century, altered the Alcalde's records at Guadalajara, Mexico, and the old cathedral records, now kept at Madrid, Spain. He got up old and beautifully colored documents on parchment, showing the births and baptismal records of thirty-three ancestors, and altered archives at the City of Mexico as corroborative evidence. He created out of his own imagination a line of aristocratic, holy and rich ancestors from Seville, Spain, in 1704, to Monterey, Mextoo in 1856. He gave each ancestor an individuality and had a lot of traditions concerning each ancestor. In this he exhibited as much art as a novelist does in conceiving a book full of characters. And he did all this so ingeniously and he worked out the plot so finely that lawyers of national reputation believed his chain of evidence was flawless. Reavis was no common impostor.

everyday schemer. He laid claim by inheritance to a strip fifty-seven miles wide, reaching from a north and south line near Phoenix. Ariz. eastward over 216 miles to Silver City. New Mexico. Roughly estimated, the property is worth about \$95,000,000. It comprises double the area of land that there is in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Delaware put together, and a tract greater than onehalf of the State of New York. It comprises gold and silver mines, a score of copper mines and smelters, thousands of settlers' homes and ranches, a half-dozen railroads, vast irrigation systems, several Indian reservations, cattle and sheep ranges, a few military forts, mountain ranges, forests of pine, alfalfa farms, five towns of over 4,000 population, and eleven towns of over 2,500 people, besides a lot of mining and cattle camps. "The possibilities of American citizenship are very great," said President Clevelend once. Here was a man who had peddled with a pack on his back among the Missouri farmers, and had once beat his way on the cars to San Francisco. with an almost confirmed title to a nearly

The evidence of the impostor's title to this domain was so strong that more than \$40,000 was advanced to him from widely-known lawyers and business men throughout the country or the collection of still more evidence and for the prosecution of his pretended rights. When he was brought to trial in the United States Criminal Court in Santa Fé his private arrount books showed that he had dereived such men as Robert G. Ingersoll and Roscoe Conkling of New York, Emory Storrs of Chi the vast property when the title was finally

to fix the ancient records about one of his imaginary ancestors, he gave \$1,000 for new altar cloths for the cathedral, and at Monterey he had a \$1,500 drinking fountain set up on the plaza to the memory of the fabricated ancestor from whom he said his wife inherited her vast estate. At one time Reavis had three completely furnished and established homes—one in Washington, another in Chinuahua, Mexico, and a third in St. Louis.

"In all the annals of crime there's no parallel to this. The case is remarkable as the greatest fraud ever attempted against the Government in its own courts," wrote Attorney-General Olney in his official report in 1895. Had the claim that Reavis set up to his little empire in the heart of the Southwestern Territories been established, he would have dispossessed some 18,000 settlers of their homes, and he would probably have been the richest landlord on earth.

The United States Government employed a

the enormous land grant. The long suits that Reavis conducted in the United States courts at Santa Fê, N. M., to establish his title, and finally the trial of Reavis himself for conspiracy, revealed the persistent manner of the building up of the formidable bulwark of evidence to substantiate the Reavis title.

Reavis was born in a little Missouri town in 1847. He was a tin pedler, and drifted into real estate dealing. A man named Willing brought him at St. Joseph, Mo., during 1873., a claim which he inherited through a Mexican grandmother to some \$60,000 acres of land in Pima, Maricopa and Pinal counties in Arizona. Willing said the claim had never been adjudicated in the American courts under

the claim from Willing to himself. He induced several wealthy men in Los Angeles and San Francisco to give him thousands of dollars for stock in the Peralta Estate Company which he formed. With the proceeds he hired lawyers and went to Mexico and Spain in the interests of the Peralta land grant. By 1881 Reavis had got together so much evidence in support of his ownership of the Peralta grant that he filed in the office of the United States Surveyor-General of Arizona a formal petition praying that the Peralta grant be recognized under act of Congress of July 22, 1864, relative to Spanish and Mexican land grants existing at the time of the treaty of peace at Guadalupe, Mexico. The people of Arizona and New Mexico were thrown into consternation at the news that Reavis was legally the owner of all the property upon which they had spent their savings and years of toil. Dozens of local lawyers said that Reavis's title seemed indisputable. Reavis pretended that during his several years of investigation he had found that the grant comprised 12,000,000 acres, instead of 1,100,000 as he and Willing had believed. He threatened immediate dispossession suits to people who defled his claim to ownership of their lands, buildings, mines and other property within the boundary he set up as his. Surveyor-General Johnson of Arizona refused to recognize the Peralta grant, although badgered by Reavis's attorneys from every side.

Reavis suddenly became rich. Hundreds of eatile ranchmen were frightened at his assertion of a title to their ranges and at his threats to dispossess. They made terms with him by the payment of small fortunes for releases. In one day at the Royal Hotel in Prescott the cattlemen of Yavapai county alone handed over to Reavis and his lawyers \$17,000 for releases. Reavis's claims clouded the titles to homes, business blocks, mines and every form of real estate within the great area he asserted was covered by the Peralta Estate Company, which meant Reavis principally. So there were thousands of settlers, miners

of \$33,500 was paid to Reavis in Graham county, Arizona, in one year by poor men and women who were frightened at the claim to their hardware property.

The easy mode of robbery whetted the greed of the imposter. He organized at New York city, under the laws of New Jersey and New Mexico, several mining companies and incorporated in them all the mines and smelters and gold reduction works embraced in the 9,347 square miles comprising the area of the Peralta grant. That terrified the mining companies there, and he sold mining releases for sums varying from \$6,000 to \$70,000. The Aziec Silver Company of Cochise alone settled with Reavis in Boston for \$65,000.

Meanwhile Surveyor-General Johnson had been looking into the mass of documents, transcriptions and maps filed in support of the Peralta grant. He announced in June, 1887, that the claim was a fraud and that Reavis was a rare impostor. That checked the collection of money for releases by Reavis and his several incorporations. But Reavis never missed alday in his schemes and work in fortifying his evidence in support of his claim. He went to Mexico and Spain a half-dozen times and he hastened to New York and Boston every few weeks. He was always busy with lawyers.

The Surveyor-General had no sconer denounced the Reavis claim to the Peralta grant than Reavis brought to Arizona a young wife, whom he introduced as the only blood descendant of Don Miguel de Peralta de la Cordoba. That altered the complexion of the Reavis case and brought fresh believers in the legality of the pretensions. Reavis told a romantic story of how, while he was investigating the Peralta grant, he accidentally met a poor young woman living in a hamlet in Mexico. She showed him some papers concerning her birth, christening and parentage, and he was astonished to find that she was the survivor of old Don Peralta. Reavis said she had assisted him in unraveling several snarls in the Peralta chronology, and that he married her. From that time he signed himself James Peralta Chronology, and th

Reavis-Peralta case came up in that court in the spring of 1885.

As the trial of the case progressed a very formidable array of evidence was presented. It showed the indomitable zeal, the unflagging perseverance and the inventive resources of Reavis. No petty detail had been too small for him to work out and no labor too wearisome for him to follow to the end. There had been many changes in the modest Willing claim to 1,100,000 acres of Arizona land in 1875. Now Reavis prosecuted his claim on behalf of his wife—the alleged great-great-granddaughter of old Peralta, the friend of King Philip V. of Spain in 1748, who made Peralta the first Baron of Arizona in the New World. The Reavis side brought great boxes of ancient parchment docu-

When he was bought to trial in the Caimback (Finish core) as labort 6. Ingered and Bases of the State of the Caimback of the State of the State of the Caimback of the State o

Miguel de Peralta de la Cordoba ever lived, and that the barony of Arizona existed only in Raavis's imagination. Priests told how Reavis had bought ancient portraits of Spanish grand-dees, which he swore were pictures of rich haughty Peraltas. Marriage, baptismal and death records had been ingeniously doctored to show documentary facts concerning a mythical family. The all-important royal cedula showing the appointment of Don Miguel Peralta as Baron of Arizona, was shown on microscopic inspection by Mr. Mallet-Peroost, to have been in its original form a cedula from King Philip V. informing-the loyal citizens of Guadalajara of the royal appointment of Count de Fuencjara as Viceroy of New Spain. In one ancient book Reavis had interpolated twenty-two ingeniously and patiently written pages about the Peralta ancestry, so that only persistent investigation revealed the fraud.

Other investigators employed by Mr. Reynolds for the Government came forward and swore that Mrs. Reavis was a half-breed Mexican who had lived in Sacramento Valley in California since she was a little girl. They produced photographs of her when she was a child. She had not been in Mexico until she went there with Reavis to prepare for the prosecution of the Peralta land grant claim. A witness from Pomona, Cal., showed where Reavis had taken out a license to marry the witness's daughter two years after he said he wedded the heiress of the Peralta grant. Another witness testified that Reavis had approached her with an offer of marriage if she would join him in his legal fight to palm herseif off as the great-great-grandaughter of the Baron of Arizona. A young man testified that Reavis met his wife on a railroad train between Sacramento and Red Bluff, and that he spent months in coaching her on the Peralta ancestry before they were married. The Court of Private Land Claims unanimously rejected Reavis's claim. The same day he was a srested for conspiracy. He was tried speedily. Mrs. Reavis weat on the witness stand. Under a searching cross examin

MIDDLE-OF-ROAD ACTIVITY.

A "Third Party Movement" of Some Impo

The National Convention of the Middle-of-the Road Populists, which put Barker and Donnelly in the field on May 10, was participated in by 975 delegates, the representation of the various States and Territories being based upon the demonstrated voting strength of the Populist party at the 1896 election and not upon the division of electors among the States. New York had only 13 delegates, Pennsylvania, from which the Presidential candidate was chosen, only 14, and New Jersey 6, but Texas had 123, Kansas, 86; Alabama, 62; Minnesota, 48; Nebraska 46; Iowa, 21; and South Dakota, 17.

In the Presidential election of 1896 the "Popu list" vote for Bryan and Watson was separate from the Democratic vote for Bryan and Sewall in only seventeen of the forty-five States, and in these it was nearly a quarter of a million. In most of the other States the Democratic and Populist Electoral tickets were the same under a division whereby one party had the choice of some and the other party of the balance to which the State was entitled. Thus in Iowa the Democrats got 10 and the Populists 3, in Nebraska there were 4 Democrats and 4 Populists, in Wisconsin there were 9 Democrats and 8 Populists, and in California 5 Democrats and 4 Populists. The arrangement under which this fusion was made provided that all the Electors if chosen, should vote for Bryan for President, but that on the Vice-Presidency they should vote for the candidate of the party to which they owed their selection-the Demo crats for Mr. Sewall and the Populists for Mr.

Under this arrangement Mr. Sewall received 149 votes in the Electoral College and Mr. Watson 27, an arrangement which in no wise reflected the division between the two parties, for in Arkansas, in which Mr. Sewall received five votes and Mr. Watson 3, the division of the two parties on the vote for Governor in the same year was as follows: Democratic, 91,000, and Populist, 13,000, and in Georgia, of which Mr. Watson was a resident and in which the Populist

DOBLEY AFTER A BUNGALOW

THOUGHT HE HAD FOUND ONE, BUT IT PROVED TO BE A BARN.

Built Up Hope on an Alluring Advertisement in the Morning Paper and Took Mrs. Dobley on a Fruitless Trip to Trolleyhurst-by-the-Sea-Makes Some Sarcastic Remarks. "Just listen to this," said Mr. Dobley, who was reading the morning paper; "doesn't it sound alluring?

"To let-For the remainder of the season at a sacrifice; \$100; a one-room cottage, furnished, thirty feet from the surf. Address Owner, Trolleyhurst-by-the-Sea." "It doesn't sound a bit alluring to me," said

Mrs. Dobley. "What could one do with a oneroomed cottage? You couldn't live in it. And then-thirty feet from the surf? It sounds as though it might be a bathing house?" "We wouldn't necessarily have to live in it," said he. "My idea would be to use it as

a bungalow." "Bungalow?" asked Mrs. Dobley. "I don't know that I just understand what you mean." "Why, a bungalow is something unconventional in the way of a house," explained Mr. Dobley. "It is the very sort of thing that appeals to people fond of the unconventional. It's a little bit different from the fishing but that the Cape Codder lives in. You know the most exclusive of Boston's literary people spend their summers in those cabins and do their own cooking and go about in their bathing suits. It's a case of escaping the sham of the summer hotel life. They sleep in hammocks and gain vitality from the sun and the sand, two of the most powerful forces in the universe. I tell you it is an ideal way of living in the summer. I have a great mind to answer this advertisement and see what the place is

"It can't be anything much or they'd ask more rent," said Mrs. Dobley. "It is probably some tumble-down old place with horrid things in the way of furniture."

"What a strangely pessimistic turn your imagination takes. Now I picture it as a charming little place built on posts so that the ocean comes up around the piazza at high tide and you can fish off the back porch. It is probably finished in hard wood with a Japanse pagoda effect about the roof. Its owners have suddenly decided to go abroad and realize that there are hundreds of persons who would only be too anxious to live in such a place. I certainly should,"

"Whatever could you do with it?" asked Mrs. Dobley.

"I should make it a temporary home by the sea. I'd give house parties and bathing parties and have a boat tied up at the front door. It would be a retreat to flee to after a humid day in town, and yet there would be that perfeet freedom-that atmosphere of unconventionality --- "

"I should say there would. How could you give house parties in one room?" "I should swing hammocks all around the piazza," replied Mr. Dobley. "Nothing is more delightful than sleeping out of doors in a hammock with the sea sobbing its endess song of summer in one's ears."

"But you don't even know that the house has piazza." "You seem determined to condemn the place before you have heard anything about it," said Mr. Dobley reproachfully. "I shall im-

mediately answer this advertisement and find out where the bungalow is. You must learn to be more optimistic in your imaginings, Mrs. Dobley. Our thoughts are all realities,

to be more optimistic in your imaginings, Mrs. Dobley. Our thoughts are all realities, you know."

"If that is a fact, then that one-roomed cottage is a delusion and a snare," said Mrs. Dobley. "That is what my thought is about it."

"According to mine," said Dobley, "it is an opportunity."

Next morning's mall brought a reply. Mr. Dobley read it impressively to his wife:

"The cottage is thirty feet from the surfiline, and it is very cool nights. There are two doors and a heavy piece of canvas that can be used as a partition. The bathing is first class. I am sure that you will be pleased with the place and will be comfortable here. The Breezes—Troileyhurst by the Sea."

"That sounds awfully funny to me," said It doesn't say one word about the condition of the house, and if they speak of the number of doors, why not state the number of windows?"

"Don't you know," he explained, "that all these bungalows are constructed with the idea of getting the breeze, no matter how the wind is. The two doors in a one-room house indicates that the architect has had this in mind and doubtless it is a charmingly cool place."

wind is. The two doors in a one-room house indicates that the architect has had this in mind and doubtless it is a charmingly cool place."

"It says 'cool nights,' " replied Mrs. Dobley. "How in the world could it be warm nights—thirty feet from the surf?"

"Evidently they don't care to promise too much," said Dobley. "They are people with consciences. They are not obliged to push this cottage on people by force or by vivid word descriptions. It is a case of take it if you wish or leave it. There is a calm dignity about the very handwriting that I like immensely. They don't rave about the cottage. They simply state its points modestly. I am sure you will be pleased with the place

about the very handwriting that I like immensely. They don't rave about the cottage. They simply state its points modestly. It am sure you will be pleased with the place and that you will be comfortable. That's all we wish to know."

"How about that place of heavy canvas? Doesn't that seem odd to you?"

"It seems delightful!" exclaimed Dobley. "Quite like a Stockton story! It gives the last note of unconventionality. I am more charmed than ever with the prospect. I shall call it "The Bungalow." I have a great mind to telegraph at once and secure it."

note of unconventionality. I am more charmed than ever with the prospect. I shall call it 'The Bungalow.' I have a great mind to telegraph at once and secure it."

"Not without seeing it, surely?"

"But it will probably be snapped up by someone at once, suggested Dobley; "that's the trouble with these good things! People get in ahead of you."

"Take my advice and see it first," said Mrs. Dobley.

"Then I shall start at once and will telephone you the result."

"I am afraid you will take it in a hurry without investigating it, if you go alone. Wait until aftegnoon and I'll accompany you?"

"And find the bungalow rented to some one else! No—to hesitate is to lose it. Something tells me to go at once."

"Then I'll go, too!" said Mrs. Dobley. "I'll let everything else go and get ready at once."

"I can see it in my mind's eye, "said Dobley, gally, "with cushions and hammocks all about the veranda; a camera and a marine glass within reach—the small boat idly rocking in the waves. It will be like living in a yacht." Mrs. Dobley smiled. "Then it's lovely to think of those two doors," she said, "We can go in one and out the other. It will give us variety!"

The Dobleys proceeded by way of various boats and cars with many delays and waits until they reached Trolleyhurst.

"There is the ocean!" exclaimed Dobley. "There was no misrepresentation about that!"

"It must be one of those queer little houses along the Beach," said Mrs. Dobley. "They are nearly all built alike."

"There is not a bit of shade, "said Mrs. Dobley."

"They are extremely picturesque! The place exceeds my wildest imaginings.

"There's not a bit of shade, "said Mrs. Dobley."

"They are extremely picturesque! The place exceeds my wildest imaginings.

"The Dobleys waded through the scorching sand and stopped at every cottage, but without result. No one seemed to know where 'The Breezee' was and Mrs. Dobley and it must be the one."

"It can't be as large as that," said Mrs. Dobley.

"The same!" said Dobley enthusiastically. "They hoist the steps like a dr

at the door.

A young man sat reading upon the broad veranda. There were flowers about in tubs and plants growing in shells and thooked very

cool and pleasant.
"The Breezes—ahoy!" said Dobley.
The young man looked up from his book.
"Have you come about the advertisement?"

luxury," said the old lady. "They do not seem to appreciate the pleasure there is in camping by the sea in this fashion."

"It is a dream life!" said Dobley.

"A one-room cottage sounds rather restricted." she went on. "but one of the happiest summers I ever spent was in a one-room cabin in the mountains. My husband and I took it for a season despite the laughter of our friends; but we gained in health and strength and enjoyed the experience thoroughly."

"We find life atsummer hotels very tiresome."

"aid Mr. Dobley," and that is why this idea appealed to us. Then your terms are really very low. In fact it is satisfactory in every way we did not expect anything so entirely in accord with our ideas."

"It's a magnificent part of the beach," said

we did not expect anything so entirely in accord with our ideas "
"It's a magnificent part of the beach," said the old lady, "and the bathing is very fine!"
"If we might look at the house?" suggested Mrs. Dobley.
"Certainly."
The Dobleys rose and walked toward the doorway.

"Certainly."
The Dobleys rose and walked toward the doorway.
"Oh. it isn't this house!" said the lady.
"No?" said the Dobleys.
"No, it's a little cottage just back of this," she explained. She went down the ladder stoop with springy step while the Dobleys climbed down backward. They followed her around to the back of the house. Conversation had ceased for the time. They looked about on all sides for the cottage.
"Where is it?" asked Mrs. Dobley.
"It is this little cottage," said the old lady, stepping up a slanting gang plank that extended into the sand from an unpainted stable.
"That!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobley indignantly. Why, that is a barn!
"There was a carriage in it once for two weeks," said the owner. "It has never been used except for that time."
"There are two doors," said Dobley to his wife in a hoarse whisper.
"Why, the whole front of the barn is door!" said Mrs. Dobley.
"Yes, there is plenty of air," said the owner, swinging the big doors open. There was a plank stretched across the opening that she had to bend to get under. The interior of the place was that of a nicely kept stable.
"Do you think those mangers are the proper height for us?" asked Dobley.
"They are handy for books," said the old lady.
"And the stalls are roomy and comfortable,"

"They are handy for books," said the old lady.

"And the stalls are roomy and comfortable," said Dooley. "One would have room to kick."

"Wont you step inside?" said the owner. "This canvas partition is an idea of my son's. It cuts off the stalls. It is a comfortable little cottage."

"For horses, perhaps," said Mrs. Dobley hambylity."

"For horses, perhaps," said Mrs. Dobley haughtfly.
"To me it has a Biblical atmosphere," said Dobley, "a dim religious air. It ought to have stained glass windows instead of those little slanting shutters. They're rather high uparen't they, only a few feet from the roof?"
"You could use the loft for sleeping purposes," said the owner. "You see my son has rigged up a rope ladder?"
"I should imagine," said Dobley, "that with some nice fresh straw it would be very comfortable. I see you have a dainty set of feed bags, there."

Jordable. I see you have a dainty set of feed bags there."

"Well, I think it's horrid!" said Mrs. Dobley.

"Oh, if you want a high-toned cottage you'll have to pay for it," said the owner of The Breeze.

"This is only a hundred dollars."

"We certainly do not want a barn!" said Mrs. Dobley. "The air here is evidently a great tonic for

making the nerve strenuous," said Dobley.

"There is no finer," said the owner.

"It's not what we wish," said Mrs. Dobley.

"If you hear of any one who would like it," suggested the old lady, "ask them to come down and look at it. I've heard that artists like cottages of this kind."

"If the mangers weren't so high I'd take it myself," said Dobley, "but we might have a stable boy to look after us of course. I like this plank across the doorway. If one walked in his sleep, it would catch him in the chest and wake him witha jar."

of her."
"The feedbags were neat," mused Dobley,
"and the stalls certainly were roomy. They
had those new patent halters. Of course
the mangers were high; that was the chief objection that I saw. Still we might get used to it

"I don't see how you can joke about it," said Mrs. Dobley, "I feel very much annoyed and very cross and tired tramping over the sand in

The young man looked up from his book.

"Have you come about the advertisement?" he asked.

"Exactly," said Dobley,
"Come right up," said the young man. The Dobleys climbed up the ladder steps clinging to the rope.

"It will be exactly like living on board ship," said Dobley, as he reached the top and assisted Mrs. Dobley over the side.

The young man placed chairs. His face was severely studious. It seemed like a face that had never smiled.

"I suppose you want to see mother?" he said.

A little old lady came across the piazza and greeted the Dobleys warmly. "We have had so many visitors about the cottage that I'm quite tired out," she said.

"But you have not yet closed with any of the applicants, I hope," said Dobley, anxiously.
"No, but there are several parties that want it and have promised to wire. It is a desirable location, you see."

"It is an ideal snot," said Dobley: "the ocean is magnificent! The view superb!"

"Some people want so much in the way of

MILLIONS OF TIES REQUIRED.

The Railroads Demand More Every Year and the Supply Is Getting Shorter.

A problem of increasing perplexity to the ailroads of this country is the question of the tie supply. In some places it has already become serious. The main sources of supply are far removed from the near neighborhood of railroads. It was not long ago that the railroads were concerning themselves mainly about the question of the price of ties, but of recent years here has been anxiety lest they should be unable to procure enough for their purpose at any price. All sorts of more or less expensive experiments with ties have been tried, with as yet but little or no success. The most that has been done is probably in the direction of adapting means of prolonging the life of the individual tie. There are a great many clever railroad men and practical chemists engaged in the work of invention, and the man who discovers some compound that may be cheaply manufactured and will serve the nurpose is sure to make an enormous fortune.

Not only would such an invention relieve the anxiety regarding the source of the tie supply, but it would materially reduce the cost of track making. There is nearly a ton of steel in every thirty feet of standard single-track railroad but the cost of ties in the same distance is even greater than that of the metal. A railroad, such as any of the big trunk lines running into New York, has to buy ties by the hundreds of thousands each year, and the order to stop buying never goes out of the office. They want all they can get, and a man with a steamer load of ties in the port of New York would have almost as ready a market as if it were loaded with gold Nothing has ever been found that will successfully take the place of the hand-hewn tie of young, growing timber, and at the present rate the demand for ties actually threatens the extinction of the forests of America.

Only a few figures are necessary to demonstrate that this is not an exaggerated view of the situation. A new mile of standard singletrack railroad, without taking to consideration the switch tracks and side tracks, requires about 4,500 ties. The average life of a railroad tie is about five years, so that in ten years a railroad will use ties at the rate of about 9,000 for every mile of track. This means that each and every year the Pennsylvania Railroad Company requires two and a half millions of ties for that part of their system east of Pittsburg; that the New York Central requires nearly 2,700,000 between New York and Bunalo, and that the Eric Railroad requires in the neighborhood of two millions every year between Jersey City and Salamanca. These are figures that any one may easily verify. It is no wonder that thoughful railroad men are asking themselves the question where the supply is coming from in a hundred years or fifty or, perhaps, in thirty. It is estimated that under the best possible circumstances, and making no allowances for fire and other accidents, it would require a plot of ground 2,000 acres in extent to grow a million railroad ties, and it would require fully thirty years to develop them. pany requires two and a half millions of ties

in his sleep it would eaten him in the enest and wake him with a jar."

Mr. Dobley hurried off in response to a peremptory cull from Mrs. Dobley, who was already half way up the beach.

"I told you what the Bungalow would amount to," she said. "I never heard of such audacity. I should just like to have told her what I thought of her."

successors seized upon the parts when the inducements for settlement on a count of the inducement possibilities, and upon the remainder was allowed to grow a tangle of brush which was conquered in time by the tree's of sturdier and more tenacious growth. As often as these trees attained a marketable size, and the demand for material for hundreds of new and growing towns and cities was feet, the mainder was allowed to grow a tanzle of brush which was conquered in time by the trees of sturdier and more tenacious growth. As often as these trees attained a marketable size, and the demand for material for hundreds of new and growing towns and cities was fet, the forests were again invaded and again given over to Nature's undisputed process of healing. But Nature was never, or at least very rarely, trained or aided in her selection of things useful for man. In those countries where the things of Nature and those of civilization were on a more equal basis these matters were looked after more wisely and in Germany, for looked after the contest by bands of Confederate cuerrillas, who heldout for months after Lee's surrender at Appomattox. The lake of surrender at Appomattox. The lake of the Dismal Swamp has witnessed.

The lake of the Dismal Swamp is known to water in the world. A half abandoned canal runs directly across it, with wrecked villages, inhabited mainly by white squatters of the "pore white trash" variety, and the descendants of looked after more wisely and in Germany.

thinks of Nature and those of civilization were on a more equal basis these matters were looked after more wisely and in Germany, for example, forestry har long been a serious profession and a profitable science.

Then let us proceed to the Trolleyhurst Inn that I see in the distance and we shall have some luncheon, "said Mr. Dobley, leading the way to that hote!.

"What shall we have?" asked Mrs. Dobley as she seated herself at a table.

"I think some frapped oats and a good bran mash with hay and water will be nice," said Dobley. "After that we'll run loose in the meadow and get a feed of grass."

President of a Crab Catchers' Club Mistaken for Sharkey at Rockaway.

James Bush, manager of the Equitable Hotel on the Bowery and better known as the President of the Clifford Crab Catchers' Club, went to Rockaway Beach, several days ago to spend his vacation. Before he went Bush.

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down from its sides freezes. The loe begins to form less than a foot from the top, and conts the sides of the shaft several inches thick. What causes the intense cold and where the air comes from are questions that have not been actisfactorily answered.

FLAMES IN DISMAL SWAMP

GREAT DESTRUCTION OF TIMBER BECAUSE OF THE DROUGHT.

A Pall of Smoke Over the Swamp and Lake That Are None Too Pleasant at Their Brightest Some Features of the Region.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. NORFOLK, Va., July 21.-Forest fires are raging in the great Dismal Swamp. They are burning flercely in several different parts of the fastness of scrub undergrowth and giant trees that constitute the vegetation so luxuriant that the foot of man has never penetrated its more remote morasses. All this wood and foliage is as dry as tinder, as the result of weeks of continued scorching weather without rain. Just how the swamp took fire is not known, but in one place the sparks from passing locomotives is thought to be responsible for the conflagration. Lumbering parties, careless with their fire, also started a blaze, it is stated. Millions of feet of the valuable timber of which the swamp is being denuded by Norfolk and Franklin lumbering concerns will either be consumed or else damaged to a ruinous extent. This timber consists of pine, oak and gum woods, and is tremendously valuable. The greater portion of it is owned by the Camp Manufac-

turing Company, of Franklin, Va. The flames now cover many acres, and are spreading The natives are out in force fighting the flames, where they threaten human habitations. Just to what extent the fire will extend is problematical, unless rain, of which there is no present prospect, could fall in sufficient quantity to extinguish the fire. The cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, situated quite near the swamp, are not near enough by several miles to be in any danger, but several small settlements may be in danger should the fire assume much larger proportions.

On the high ground every few miles through the great swamp, small farmers have a few acres of cultivated ground and a home. Some of these are in danger, and farmhouses located along the edges of the swamp are not entirely free from danger. Human life will scarcely be lost as a result of the swamp fire unless stray parties of lumbermen should be caught by the flames. Driven from their homes in the remote fastness of the great Dismal, bears are beginning to appear about its edges and commit depredations upon the farmers' pig styes, &c. Bear traps are being set by the farmers living around the confines of the swamp. The smoke from the burning swamp hangs all over its vast extent, a dark pall by day

and over its vast extent, a dark pall by day and a firey cloud by night. The damage already wrought by the flames will run into hundreds of thousands, and unless rain or a change of the prevailing breeze's direction comes it will largely exceed these figures.

The Dismail Swamp has played an important part in the history of the country. As far back as 1740 it afforded a refuge for the Indians, who grow a million railroad ties, and it would require fully thirty years to develop them.

In America lumbering has always been a more or less haphazard business. The pioneers found unbroken forests of matured trees, and in time they simply devastated them. Their successors seized upon the parts which onered inducements for settlement on account of the country by the agricultural possibilities, and upon the remainder was allowed to grow a tankle of brush which was conquered in time by the trees of the ladians, who were being driven out of the country by the declonists. The hardy patriots of the Revolution field there when hard pressed by the British, causing the swamp to be hardly less famous than the morasses in which Marion and Pickens took refuge in the Carolina campaigns. During the Civil War thousands of slaves took advantage of its impenetrable shades, into which was conquered in time by the growing driven out of the country by the colonists. The hardy patriots of the Revolution field there when hard pressed by the British, causing the swamp to be hardly less famous than the morasses in which Marion and Pickens took refuge in the Carolina campaigns. During the Civil War thousands of slaves took advantage of its impenetrable shades, into which

siderably increasing the profits of the wily woodsman.

A Natural Refrigerator in Summer.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Hundreds of people are visiting a hole in the side of the mountain near Coudersport, in Potter county, which must be a delightful place in hot weather. The hole was dug by a man in search of mineral wealth. The farther he dug the colder became the atmosphere. At the depth of twenty feet he was compelled to quit. The peculiarity of this mine is that about May ice begins to form in it and continues to freeze there is in the mine. On approaching the opening on a hot day a strong current of cold air is felt. This air becomes more frigid the closer one goes to the cavern. There is no water at the bottom of the shaft, but the water dripping down from its sides freezes. The ice begins to form less than a foot from the top, and conts the sides of the shaft, several inches their days in the reference in the sides of the shaft, several inches their contents and shoots of the reced. Their flesh is of a remarkably fine flavor, and their ferceity sometimes renders them extremely danger out to the lunter.

It is not to be supposed, however, that this vast wilderness is common hunting ground, to entered with impunity by the passing hunter. On the contrary, it is unsafe to venture within the depths of the forest unless accompanied by the deepths of the forest unless accompanied by the depths of the forest unless accompanied by the shaft several most resolute and experienced swampers, and the wild beasts remain for the most resolute and experienced swampers, and the wild beasts remain for the most resolute and experienced swampers, and the wild beasts remain for the most resolute and experienced swampers, and the wild beasts remain for the most resolute and experienced swampers, and the wild beasts remain for the most resolu